

*Troilus and Cressida.*

*Ulys.* Neuer's my day, and then a kisse of you.  
*Diom.* Lady a word, Ile bring you to your Father.  
*Nest.* A woman of quicke sence.  
*Ulys.* Fic, sic, vpon her:  
 Ther's a language in her eye, her cheeke, her lip;  
 Nay, her foote speakes, her wanton spirites looke out  
 At euery ioynt, and motiue of her body:  
 Oh these encounterers so glib of tongue,  
 That giue a coasting welcome ere it comes;  
 And wide vnclasp the tables of their thoughts,  
 To euery tickling reader: set them downe,  
 For sluttish spoyles of opportunitie;  
 And daughters of the game.  
*Enter all of Troy, Hector, Paris, Aeneas, Helenus  
 and Attendants. Flourish.*  
*All.* The Troians Trumpet.  
*Aga.* Yonder comes the troope.  
*Aene.* Haile all you state of Greece: what shalbe done  
 To him that victory commands? or doe you purpose,  
 A victor shall be knowne: will you the Knights  
 Shall to the edge of all extremitie  
 Pursue each other, or shall be diuided  
 By any voyce, or order of the field: *Hector* bad aske?  
*Aga.* Which way would *Hector* haue it?  
*Aene.* He cares not, heele obey conditions.  
*Aga.* 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done,  
 A little proudly, and great deale disprising  
 The Knight oppos'd.  
*Aene.* If not *Achilles* fir, what is your name?  
*Achil.* If not *Achilles*, nothing.  
*Aene.* Therefore *Achilles*: but what ere, know this,  
 In the extremity of great and little:  
 Valour and pride excell themselves in *Hector*;  
 The one almost as infinite as all;  
 The other blanke as nothing: weigh him well:  
 And that which looks like pride, is curtesie:  
 This *Ajax* is halfe made of *Hectors* blood;  
 In loue whereof, halfe *Hector* staies at home:  
 Halfe heart, halfe hand, halfe *Hector*, comes to seeke  
 This blended Knight, halfe Trojan, and halfe Greeke.  
*Achil.* A maiden battaile then? O I perceiue you.  
*Aga.* Here is fir, *Diomed*: goe gentle Knight,  
 Stand by our *Ajax*: as you and Lord *Aeneas*  
 Content vpon the order of their fight,  
 So be it: either to the vttermost,  
 Or else a breach: the Combatants being kin,  
 Halfe stints their strife, before their strokes begin.  
*Ulys.* They are oppos'd already.  
*Aga.* What Trojan is that same that lookes so heauy?  
*Ulys.* The youngest Sonne of *Priam*;  
 A true Knight; they call him *Troilus*;  
 Not yet mature, yet matchlesse, firme of word,  
 Speaking in deedes, and deedeslesse in his tongue;  
 Not soone prouok't, nor being prouok't, soone calm'd;  
 His heart and hand both open, and both free:  
 For what he has, he giues; what thinkes, he shewes;  
 Yet giues he not till iudgement guide his bounty,  
 Nor dignifies an impaire thought with breath:  
 Mainly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;  
 For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath subscribes  
 To tender objects; but he, in heate of action,  
 Is more vindicative then ialous loue.  
 They call him *Troilus*; and on him erect,  
 A second hope, as fairely built as *Hector*.  
 Thus saies *Aeneas*, one that knowes the youth,  
 Euen to his inches: and with priuate soule,

Did in great Illion thus translate him to me.  
*Aga.* They are in action.  
*Nest.* Now *Ajax* hold thine owne.  
*Troy.* *Hector*, thou sleepest, awake thee.  
*Aga.* His blowes are wel dispos'd there *Ajax*.  
*Diom.* You must no more.  
*Aene.* Princes enough, so please you.  
*Aia.* I am not warme yet, let vs fight againe.  
*Diom.* As *Hector* pleases.  
*Hect.* Why then will I no more:  
 Thou art great Lord, my Fathers sisters Sonne;  
 A cousin german to great *Priams* seede:  
 The obligation of our blood forbids  
 A gorie emulation 'twixt vs twaine:  
 Were thy commixion, Greeke and Trojan so,  
 That thou could'st say, this hand is Grecian all,  
 And this is Trojan: the sinewes of this Legge,  
 All Greeke, and this all Troy: my Mothers blood  
 Runs on the dexter cheeke, and this sinister  
 Bounds in my fathers: by *Ioue* multipotent,  
 Thou should'st not beare from me a Greekish member  
 Wherein my sword had not impresse made  
 Of our ranke feud: but the iust gods gainsay,  
 That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,  
 My sacred Aunt, should by my mortall sword  
 Be drained. Let me embrace thee *Ajax*:  
 By him that thunders, thou hast lustie Armes;  
*Hector* would haue them fall vpon him thus.  
 Cozen, all honor to thee.  
*Aia.* I thanke thee *Hector*:  
 Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:  
 I came to kill thee Cozen, and beare hence  
 A great addition, earned in thy death.  
*Hect.* Not *Neoptolymus* so mirable,  
 On whose bright crest, same with her lowd ft (O yes)  
 Cries, This is he; could'st promise to himselfe,  
 A thought of added honor, come from *Hector*.  
*Aene.* There is expectation here from both the sides,  
 What further you will doe?  
*Hect.* Weele answer it:  
 The issue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewell.  
*Aia.* If I might in entreaties finde successe,  
 As feld I haue the chance; I would desire  
 My famous Cousin to our Grecian Tents.  
*Diom.* 'Tis *Agamemnon* with, and great *Achilles*  
 Doth long to see vnarm'd the valiant *Hector*.  
*Hect.* *Aeneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:  
 And signifie this louing enterview  
 To the expecters of our Trojan part:  
 Desire them home. Giue me thy hand, my Cousin:  
 I will goe eate with thee, and see your Knights.  
*Enter Agamemnon and the rest.*  
*Aia.* Great *Agamemnon* comes to meete vs here.  
*Hect.* The worthiest of them, tell me name by name:  
 But for *Achilles*, mine owne serching eyes  
 Shall finde him by his large and portly size.  
*Aga.* Worthy of Armes: as welcome as to one:  
 That would be rid of such an enemy.  
 But that's no welcome: vnderstand more cleere  
 What's past, and what's to come, is strew'd with huskes,  
 And formelesse ruine of obliuion:  
 But in this extant moment, faith and troth,  
 Strain'd purely from all hollow bias drawing:  
 Bids thee with most diuine integritie,  
 From heart of very heart, great *Hector* welcome.  
*Hect.* I thanke thee most imperious *Agamemnon*.

*Alarum.*  
*trumpets*  
*cease.*

*Troilus and Cressida.*

*Aga.* My well-fam'd Lord of Troy, no lesse to you.  
*Men.* Let me confirme my Princely brothers greeting,  
 You brace of warlike Brothers, welcome hither.  
*Hect.* Who must we answer?  
*Aene.* The Noble *Menelaus*.  
*Hect.* O, you my Lord, by *Mars* his gauntlet thanks,  
 Mocke not, that I affect th'vntraded Oath,  
 Your quondam wife sweares still by *Venus* Gloue  
 Shee's well, but bad me not commend her to you.  
*Men.* Name her not now fir, she's a deadly Theame.  
*Hect.* O pardon, I offend.  
*Nest.* I haue (thou gallant Trojan) scene thee oft  
 Labouring for destiny, make cruell way  
 Through ranks of Greekish youth: and I haue seen thee  
 As hot as *Perseus*, spurre thy Phrygian Steed,  
 And scene thee scorning forfeits and subduments,  
 When thou hast hung thy aduanced sword i'th'ayre,  
 Not letting it decline, on the declined:  
 That I haue said vnto my standers by,  
 Loe Iupiter is yonder, dealing life.  
 And I haue scene thee pause, and take thy breath,  
 When that a ring of Greekes haue hem'd thee in,  
 Like an Olympian wrestling. This haue I scene,  
 But this thy countenance (still locke in Steele)  
 I neuer saw till now. I knew thy Grandfire,  
 And once fought with him; he was a Souldier good,  
 But by great *Mars*, the Capitaine of vs all,  
 Neuer like thee. Let an oldman embrace thee,  
 And (worthy Warriour) welcome to our Tents.  
*Aene.* 'Tis the old *Nestor*.  
*Hect.* Let me embrace thee good old Chronicle,  
 That hast so long walk'd hand in hand with time:  
 Most reuerend *Nestor*, I am glad to clasp thee.  
*Nest.* I would my armes could match thee in contention  
 As they contend with thee in courtesie.  
*Hect.* I would they could.  
*Nest.* Hee by this white beard I'd fight with thee to  
 morrow. Well, welcom, welcome: I haue seen the time.  
*Ulys.* I wonder now, how yonder City stands,  
 When we haue heere her Base and pillar by vs.  
*Hect.* I know your fauour Lord *Ulysses* well.  
 Ah fir, there's many a Greeke and Trojan dead,  
 Since first I saw your selfe, and *Diomed*  
 In Illion, on your Greekish Embassie.  
*Ulys.* Sir, I foretold you then what would ensue,  
 My prophesie is but halfe his iourney yet;  
 For yonder wals that perily front your Towne,  
 Yond Towers, whose wanton tops do busse the clouds,  
 Most kisse their owne feet.  
*Hect.* I must not belecue you:  
 There they stand yet: and modestly I thinke,  
 The fall of euery Phrygian stone will cost  
 A drop of Grecian blood: the end crownes all,  
 And that old common Arbitrator, Time,  
 Will one day end it.  
*Ulys.* So to him we leaue it.  
 Most gentle, and most valiant *Hector*, welcome;  
 After the Generall, I beseech you next  
 To Feast with me, and see me at my Tent.  
*Achil.* I shall forestall thee Lord *Ulysses*, thou:  
 Now *Hector* I haue fed mine eyes on thee,  
 I haue with exact view perus'd thee *Hector*,  
 And quoted ioynt by ioynt.  
*Hect.* Is this *Achilles*?  
*Achil.* I am *Achilles*.  
*Hect.* Stand faire I prythee, let me looke on thee.

*Achil.*  
*Hect.*  
*Achil.*  
 As I wou  
*Hect.*  
 But there  
 Why doe  
*Achil.*  
 Shall I de  
 That I m  
 And make  
*Hectors* g  
*Hect.*  
 To answe  
 Think't a  
 As to pre  
 Where th  
*Achil.*  
*Hect.*  
 I'd not be  
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 Ile kill th  
 You wisel  
 His insele  
 But ile en  
 Or may I  
*Aia.*  
 And you  
 Till accid  
 You may  
 If you ha  
 Can scarfe  
*Hect.*  
 We haue  
 The Gree  
*Achil.*  
 To morro  
 To night  
*Hect.*  
*Aga.*  
 There in  
 As *Hector*  
 Concurse  
 Beate low  
 That this  
*Troy.*  
 In what p  
*Ulys.*  
 There Di  
 Who neir  
 But giues  
 On the fa  
*Troy.*  
 After we  
 To bring  
*Ulys.*  
 As gentle  
 This *Cress*  
 That wail  
*Troy.*  
 A mocke  
 She was b  
 But still s  
*Achil.*